

# Good Morning 563

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## FIVE MOTHERS GREET FIVE SUBMARINERS

FROM mothers up and down the country "Good Morning" brings messages to-day for five submariners. We made a long journey to bring these five messages to you, starting the trip at 16, Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, where we found a mother with a question to ask.

Yes, we do mean your mother. A.B. ARTHUR LITCHFIELD.

She looked at your photograph when we called and wondered whether your face had gone back to normal, which it seems is some sort of private joke between you.

Both your mother and your father are well, though Dad was a little chokker with the weather. It had been raining for days on end, and he was regretting that he couldn't get out into the garden to do a spot of digging and get the bonfire going.

But about that scrap, Arthur! Mother is wondering what the other fellows are looking like.

ready for the return of Roy and your father.

Mother says Bill Axon, from Sutton Courtney, called unexpectedly last week and was very surprised to hear you were on submarines. She says he is bubbling over with fun, the same as ever, and wishes to be remembered to you.



"Camera-shy."

Your mother has some very good news—that long-expected money has arrived from Canada, and you can bet you are O.K. for that ring mother promised.

Roy has left Barclay's as he hopes to get abroad with this new job he has got. John, Eileen and Rosemary have been up to London on John's leave and have had quite a nice time. Doris was able to meet Eileen and John, and they all had a very nice time together.

All at Peabody Buildings and their love and best wishes, and Mother says "Good Luck."

FROM Peabody Buildings to Union Road, S.W.4, on behalf of Leading Signaller JOHN LECHMERE.

At No. 27 we found Mrs. Lechmere busy at her favourite occupation—cooking.

She was busy making a "toad-in-the-hole" with spam, to be followed, she said, by her famous bread pudding and custard, which should satisfy Joyce as well as your mother herself.

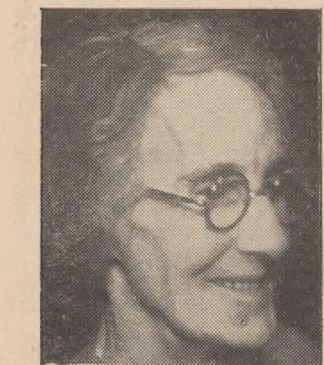
Doesn't it make your mouth water? One of your specials.

Your mother says everything is going well with them at home.

Joyce went out flag selling on Poppy Day and collected quite a good bit of dough—family appeal we presume. She also had a cheap and very enjoyable day out with the



"Proud of her cooking."



"Question to ask."

Pam called round on Sunday, and after seeing the photograph, joined in the joke and they all had a good laugh together.

Mother wonders whether you will be getting something special in the way of a bike after the war, and if you do, Dad says he'll want a trailer on the back for him.

Ron's famous luck has run out after all this time. He has gone out at last after three weeks' leave and five more in port, which just shows you that you can't be lucky all the time.

The last news of all is pretty good, Arthur. This is that there is still plenty of beer at the Spa, and both Mum and Dad are hoping that it will not be long before you are home and are able to get round there again.

FROM there we went along to 3H, Peabody Buildings, Rodney Road, S.E.17, where we found one of those slightly camera-shy women.

In other words, your mother, Stoker First Class WILLIAM LAVERY.

We rather caught her napping, because she had been very busy doing a spot of washing, and her first remark, when she knew we were from "Good Morning," was "You won't be able to get a picture of me to-day." But that was before she knew "Fuse" Wilson.

While we were writing these notes, she was tidying up and getting everything shipshape

DID you ever hear how the Jamie-Lee broke his leg? The official diary bulletin said he fell off his honey. That could be, and probably you know the answer, anyway, but can you answer this one? Who was responsible for organising honey supplies for the Royal Navy? And how did it all come about? It is a long story, which started in 1925. J. C. Bee-Mason, who is so enthusiastic

G.T.C., where she saw a good film.

Mother saw Aunt Sophie and Uncle Harry last Sunday over at New Cross, and after a trip back in the black-out, arrived home safe. All the Ricky folks wish to be remembered to you.

Your mother closes with: Have a good time when you're ashore—and don't come home with any tin legs. All our love from 27."

LOOKING down our list of addresses we next picked out the name of Mrs. Ellis of Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire. What's that, sailor?

We made the journey to 241, Watford Road, Rickmansworth, on behalf of A.B. GHEVILLE ELLIS. We thought at first that we were going to be unlucky.

A solitary rose the last one of the season, greeted us in the garden, but we got no response from the doorman. Neighbours told us your mother was out at work at the Model Laundry, so we went along Whippendell Road, and found her hard at it.

She broke off for a few minutes to see us in the canteen, just long enough for her to tell us how she is getting on, and for "Fuse" Wilson to take this photograph of her. What do you



"Time to smile."

think of it? She hasn't changed much has she?

With all this work she does, she hasn't time to do any gardening now, and wants you home to help her out. The garden looked very well, in spite of lack of attention and the Watford weather, which, when we called, was trying to emulate Manchester.

Mother should be very proud of her solitary rose.

Everyone at home is fine, including Uncle Fred and Tinker the cat, who is still the terror of the neighbouring mice.

Remember the King's Head in Watford? The old place is still going strong, and in spite of the quality of war-time beer, the old regulars are still gathering there. Call in and have one for us next time you're home.

Your mother told us that you are a great film fan, and always visit the local "flicks" when you are enjoying a spot of leave. She said the Rex was one of your favourites, and we also noticed the Plaza as we were going through

about bees that he put one in his name and posed for a picture with 40,000 bees on his bare body, resulting in 350 stings, is the man. Let him tell his own tale.

"In 1925, I was a member of the British Arctic Expedition, under the late commander, Lt. Worsley, D.S.O. We sailed in a little auxiliary brigantine of about 126 tons register. When in the ice between Spitzbergen

Watford. They were showing a Jimmy Cagney film then, which would probably have suited you, but let's hope that you will be seeing some of your favourite stars at the Plaza before very long.

You will, of course, remember your old friend, Jack, who is on minisweepers. He hasn't written lately, but the last time mother heard he was in the best of health.

Oh, and she hasn't heard from the girl friend at Barrow lately, but then you probably know what girls are for writing.

At the time of our call Mother was looking forward to visiting Redhill at Christmas and seeing Aunt Ethel, but by the time you read this that will probably be one of her memories.

Before leaving, we were of course, asked to pass on the family's best wishes, and with them a request. Please write a little more often, A.B. Ellis.

OUR last call was at Addiscombe, where at 86, Rymer Street, we found a mother with something up her sleeve.

This is special for First-Class Stoker RAYMOND HUGHES.

Yes, as you will probably have guessed, it is your 21st birthday present, which your mother thought wisest to keep until you return home. What's that, Ray? "What is it?" Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it? Just you be a good submariner and you will find out in due course.

Everyone is working hard at home. Dad is working hard on the railway, and Ken has been spending his time lately learning to drive a car.

They had the flags out round Addiscombe way recently when Charlie Hutton arrived home after having spent two years in captivity in Italy. He certainly looks well enough.

The cockerels were being fattened up for Christmas when we called but by the time this gets to you they will have finished their crowing days and will be nothing but a satisfied smile on the faces of your parents.

From all at home and at Number 74, from Mrs. Smith and Jimmie, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and Mrs. Hutton and family come best wishes for your health, and all wish to be remembered to you Ray.



"Keeping a secret."

and Franz Josef Land we broke both blades of our propeller.

"Worsley decided to carry on, and we navigated that ship into the Archipelago of Franz Josef Land, and sailed further North than any ship since the days of Sir John Franklin. Turning South, we got caught in some heavy ice, and as the ship looked like being crushed we were preparing to leave her and walk over the ice to Siberia, when a South-west gale blew up and broke the pack-ice.

"Off Spitzbergen we encountered a terrible gale, and our ship nearly foundered. Our rudder was smashed and our sails torn.

"I was lashed to the wheel for three hours. The cold was unbearable, the weather the most violent we had ever encountered, and I wished I had some honey with me. A God-send would have been a mug of hot water and a spoonful of honey!"

The Bee-man has never forgotten that experience, and when this war started his mind went back to the Spitzbergen incident, and he thought of those men of the Royal Navy still at sea.

Immediately he made contact with the Admiralty suggesting that the Sussex bee-keepers might adopt a battleship and supply the crew with honey. Vice-Admiral H. Monroe said the honey would be gratefully received and particularly by submarine crews.

The Sussex bee-keepers readily adopted the scheme, and in 1940 sent nearly 800 pounds of honey to depot ships. In 1941, owing to a bad harvest, the amount sent was less, but the following year Kent bee-keepers, who had by this

## ALEX CRACKS

"Didn't you claim when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that broke or was missing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want three front teeth and a collarbone."

A lady rang up a draper's shop in Edinburgh and asked if they had any black berets. "This is a draper's," replied the assistant, "not a fruiterer's."

time started a similar scheme, challenged Sussex, and the results were gratifying.

Sussex sent 1,015 lbs. and Kent 816 lbs. There were 900 contributors in Sussex and 1,100 in Kent. In 1945, many other counties will join the competition, from which every submariner should get an adequate supply.

These competitions and the collection and delivery of the honey are but part of a highly organised industry at the head of which is the celebrated Sussex apiarist.

And although it was the Spitzbergen trip which brought to his mind the fact that honey was not merely a luxury but a necessity to seamen, the real hero of the story is a Chiquitano squaw; but again, that is another story, so the pen is passed back to Mason.

"The year is 1928, the setting is Bolivia, the cast, eight men—Urrio, Duguid, Tiserman, Bee-Mason and four Indians. We started from Lake Gaiba, on the borders of Brazil and Bolivia, and cut our way through the Bolivian Chaco to the Andes.

"It was in the tail-end of the dry season, the rains were un-



"Your Bee-man and 40,000 bees."

usually late, and after a month in the forest we were almost out of drinking-water. Rivers were dried up, and it was necessary for us to search the dried-up beds for soft-mud from which we could drain a few spoonfuls of filthy liquid.

"Eventually, even the mud hardened and we were nearly three days without any drink. The heat was intense and we suffered terribly.

"Suddenly, we came upon a small Indian village, which told us there must be water close at hand, and so we dispatched one of the guides to fill our water-bottles. I had barely sufficient strength to sling my hammock and crawl in utterly exhausted.

"A few minutes later I felt someone touch me. Looking up, I saw a pretty little Chiquitano Indian girl, holding a calabash of water to my lips. I eagerly seized the calabash and sipped the contents. After a few mouthfuls I held it away and said, 'My God, there's honey in it!' and I gulped the lot.

"I said to Urrio, 'That was a mixture of honey and water.' He replied, 'Yes, these Indians know the value of honey.'

"That was a nasty blow for me. Years ago I had bee farms in Suffolk and counted my hives by the hundred and produced honey by the ton—it was ironical that I should have to go through the Green Hell of Bolivia to appreciate the real value of honey."

And so, when you suck the remains of your honey ration from your fingers you should think of that pretty little Chiquitano girl!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Stake your Claim near the Airport

THE farseeing architect predicts astounding changes in our towns to-morrow as a result of growing aviation. But what of the auctioneer and estate-agent?

Well, I've just been sounding the profession, and most of them seem agreed about the fate of Station Road....

You know the kind of thoroughfare, common to all our towns, leading to the main railway station or terminus, and for the last 100 years the road to fortune for small shopkeepers, hotel and boarding-house proprietors, speculators in real estate.

That dreary street of grimy buildings, unlovely like the means of transport which brought it into existence, carried so much traffic to and from the station that it couldn't very well avoid prosperity.

Anyway, the various approaches to the railway station, if not always Station Road itself, scooped in most of the trade of our towns.

But, "to-morrow" the em-

## THE NEW AIR AGE.—No. 3

The coming Air era will change our cities our lives, our country. Cities will be born. Others will die. Let's glimpse the future.—JULIAN MOUNTAIN.

bryo of the big, future development might well be that little shack on the country lane leading to the huge R.A.F. station.

It was started before the war as a very humble "pull-in" for cyclists. To-morrow that shack will be pulled down and a palatial cafe built in its place.

The R.A.F. aerodrome will become a main-line commercial airport and a large part of the traffic which formerly used the big railway station of a city will be arriving and departing by air from this country location instead.

It has already been predicted

that many of the leading towns and cities of the future will be built on sites round airports.

Even in old cities which move with the times and remain alive there will be a complete switch-over in the importance of streets and roads.

You are advised to take these inevitable developments very carefully into consideration before you set yourself up in business after the war.

If you intend to open a small business such as a sweet, cigarette, newsagent's or fruiterer's shop, or a cafe, or boarding-house, or cinema, or garage, remember that the age of Station Road and its environs is nearly over, whereas the day of Airport Drive is just about most profitably to dawn.

### WHERE TO BUILD.

Similarly, if you intend to do your trade in the less admirable but more lucrative business of property investment and manipulation, concentrate now on the acquisition of land and buildings as far away from the old traffic centres and as close to the new as possible.

You should be able to accumulate quite a tidy pile for State acquisition later on.

The general change in property values to-morrow as a result of air travel will beggar those city landlords who lack the sense to

transfer their holdings, and will enrich particularly those with land and houses near airports.

Since a great deal of country property is owned by old aristocratic families, it is possible that the new developments will revive the failing fortunes of this class.

Looking still further ahead, and remembering that aviation will profoundly alter the very shapes of our towns and buildings, one might predict that only land will retain its value.

The typical city lay-out and building of the air-age will be so different from those of to-day that the necessary alterations will cost present property-owners all their working capital, and these will be replaced by new owning classes, if not by the State.

Consider the expense alone of providing city streets with roofs.

This is regarded already by experts as likely to be necessary in order to safeguard pedestrians and windows against dangers, both peaceful and warlike, from the air.

Imagine the present traffic of Oxford Street elevated with wings to positions varying from 100 to several 1,000 feet above the city. It will not be exactly safe to stand about in an exposed position below.



The dreary rail station and iron bridge will disappear in the new air age.

Architects will probably develop other new means of transport the colonial principle of wide, altered society in the past.

But Station Road and all it strong verandahs on cantilevers outside buildings and projecting means will be swept away by the state to do more and more of each other.

Remember how the advent of the building and planning.

## QUIZ for today

1. Vermil is crimson, worm-eaten, silver-gilt, cereal food, slimy?
2. What is the longest river flowing through Germany?
3. What ancient teacher was half horse, half man?
4. How many eggs can a hen lay in a year?
5. What common wild flower

is known as the "Poor Man's Weatherglass," and why?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Oxygen, Nitrogen, Hydrogen, Neon, Argon.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 562

1. Printers' dinner.
2. Four: Austria, Italy, France, Germany.
3. Venice.
4. Duke of Clarence.
5. Three-quarters.
6. 50 is represented by a single letter in Roman figures; others aren't.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ELECTRICALLY driven bathchairs for visitors and a ban on fun fairs and cockle stalls were among the proposals for making Torquay "the nation's playground" after the war, which were discussed at a meeting in the town.

The suggestions came from Torquay Chamber of Trade and the Hotels Association.

A general colour scheme for the town is suggested, starting with the G.W.R.'s Torbay express, and spreading to buses, taxis, lamp-posts—and, presumably, the electrically driven bathchairs.

"Common type" bungalows, it is urged, should be banned, and nothing under £50 rateable value should be allowed.

To make Torquay "the Cowes of the West," harbour improvements are suggested, together with the prohibition of commercial activities at the harbour.

A mammoth swimming pool, and tree-lined roads with hanging flower baskets, are other ideas.

Do you suppose public-houses will be permitted—or would they encourage others than the "best people"?

## BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



## POPEYE



THE following are humorous extracts from letters sent to a Food Office in Bucks:—

Please send me a form for cheap milk as I'm expecting mother.

Please send me a form for cheap milk for having children at reduced prices.

Please send me another form for cheap milk as I posted the other form before my child was filled in properly.

Will you please send me a form for cheap milk. I have a baby two months old, and did not know about it until a friend told me.

Will I be able to have the milk for my baby as my husband will finish the job on Thursday. He is a night watchman.

What a ter-do.



# WANGLING WORDS

502

1. Insert consonants in A\*\*Y\*\* and \*I\*\*O\*\*IA\* and get two Scottish counties.
2. Here are two musical instruments whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
3. If "brim" is the "rim" of a hat, what is the rim of (a) Distortion, (b) Revenge?
4. Find the two artificial lights hidden in: Get an oval disc, and let three holes be bored in it, and there's your "Kabul button"!

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 501

1. AUSTRALASIA, EURAFRICA.
2. 'CELLO—ORGAN.
3. (a) Stark, (b) Startle, (c) Astarte.

## JANE



# The Pirate who Retired

ARE you good at climbing cliffs? Or can you pilot an aeroplane? Either one or other achievement may bring you wealth galore, treasure that will put you "beyond the dreams of avarice."

For you are at liberty to find the hoard of no less a person than Captain Peter Duval.

Duval was one of the notorious pirates who scoured the Atlantic north and south, reckless, impetuous, suspicious and cruel.

In the year 1763 he was pursued, and finding himself likely to be caught to lose the fortune he had amassed in a life of buccaneering, he sailed up the St. Lawrence.

He saw the Rock of Perce, standing grim and gaunt in the Gaspé Peninsula of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and he decided that there he would place his gains, and come back for them when the chase was less hot.

Nobody ever before (or since) had scaled the rock. Duval's ship was the "Vul-

ture," a craft of only 100 tons, but she was a fighting machine from bows to stern.

There was a crew of only thirty, and the number of guns she carried was but four; but Duval constantly changed his rig and held his fire until he was within short distance of his prize. Then he let go with everything he had. Few ships resisted.

From the Atlantic he changed his beat to the seas between St. Malo and Spain, and there he found good hunting. No merchant ship was safe, and Duval became known as the Terror of the Seas.

On this occasion, when he was pursued, he decided to raise his booty to the top of the Rock of Perce. He and several of his men scaled the rock late one night.

It was a desperate business, for there was little foothold; but they got up and hauled the chests above with rope and tackle.

Then he descended and set sail again, and escaped his

enemies. He went back to St. Malo, gave out that he intended to give up pirate work, and let it be known far and wide that he was through. He meant it.

He was next seen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where he stated that he was going to settle down on the island of Bonaventure. In other words, he was "reformed."

The Spanish Government were glad to get quit of him. They did not pursue him. But he did not get a chance, for he was captured, and went the way of most pirates.

His treasure remained on the Rock. It is still there.

After Duval quitted this earth there were many attempts to get at his chests and sealed iron boxes on the rock. The rock lies four miles from Bonaventure.

Its cliffs are almost vertical, they are of limestone, towering 288 feet above the sea. The rock is 2,000 feet long and 300 feet wide.

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

Indeed, so many fatalities occurred among people venturing up to find the treasure that a law was passed forbidding anyone to scale the rock. Since that time—1780—the rock has held its secret.

There is no doubt that the treasure is there. Nobody has ever disputed it. Duval made no secret of it.

But to-day the only things that live around the cliffs are sea birds. The surface of the cliffs has broken away here and there by the action of rain and weather.

In 1924 a few people in England formed a company with the object of finding the

treasure, but the attempt was never made, for some reason. So there it is, 288 feet high, and if you have an aeroplane you can make the attempt to land and search for Duval's treasure. It hangs between heaven and sea, ready to be lifted.

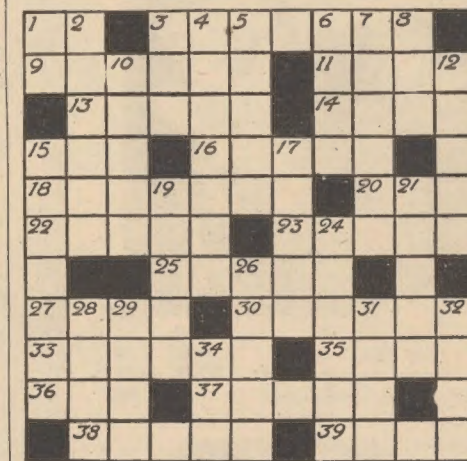
## ALEX CRACK

"Jane, has the chemist sent that sleeping draught yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then ring him up and ask him if he expects me to keep awake all night waiting for it!"

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

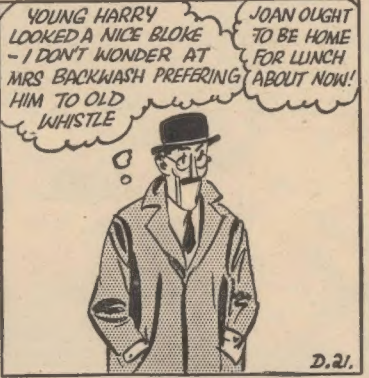
1. Legislator.
3. Inflated talk.
9. Part of coat.
11. Bubble up.
13. Tree.
14. Bound easily.
15. Vehicle.
16. Mature.
18. Quarantine.
20. Go astray.
22. Stair-rail post.
23. Garment.
25. Girl's name.
27. Recedes.
30. Lovely drink.
33. Firmly fixed.
35. Old oxen.
36. Luminary.
37. Indian coin.
38. One of the U.S.A.
39. Keep thumping.

SCREW FINCH  
HOAXED TORE  
AND NUMERAL  
VEIL DAM NO  
E CIDER MET  
ALTO CLOD  
HUE YAHOO P  
AT LEG TRIC  
SHRINES ASK  
TOAD DINGLE  
ERGOT TWEED

### CLUES DOWN.

1. Written matter.
2. Give joy to.
3. Litter.
4. Outer garment.
5. Deserve.
6. Talented.
7. Rather.
8. Extremity.
10. Jostle.
12. Find out.
15. Slag.
17. Harmony.
19. Smallest.
21. Mountain ash.
24. Struck with beak.
26. Punjab river.
28. Trial of strength.
29. Rib.
31. Row.
32. Paper quantity.
34. Space of time.

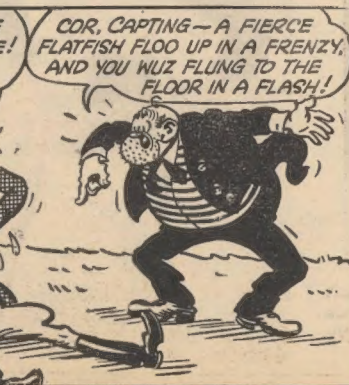
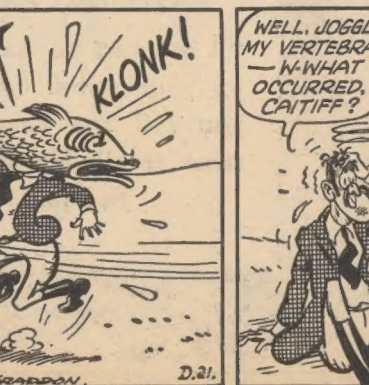
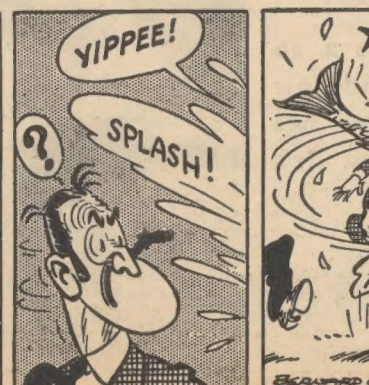
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## IT'S A FACT

IN the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is a small tombstone reading: "To the Church Cat, 1912-1927."

The tyre of a big bomber uses more rubber than the tyres of twenty motor-cars.

The Gold Stick is an officer of the Royal Household who attends the Sovereign on State occasions.

The first man to discover gold in California was a Captain Sutter. He sued the American Government for 275,000,000 dollars, the value of his land overrun by miners in the 1849 gold-rush.

When Rags, a mongrel terrier owned by a sergeant of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, had gastritis, he was treated at a branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Some time later, when out on his own, he was run over by a car and had his shoulder dislocated. Rags tottered more than a mile to the dispensary and "reported sick."

Nonage is a ninth part of a deceased person's movable goods which at one time could be claimed by the clergy for devotion to pious purposes.

Gordon Rich



"THERE! GET FRESH WITH A POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL, WOULD YOU?!!"



# Good Morning

LOVE—in  
five easy lessons



Here's the chance, fellows, to brush up on your technique! That Great Lover of the screen, Eddie Cantor, shows you how he became a killa-diller. "When I kiss 'em, they stay kissed," says Eddie.



"Take the lady firmly by the back of the neck and scrutinise her mug from every angle. This gets 'em mad, and also keeps 'em guessing. Is she going to get a smacker or the brush-off?"



"Draw the party roughly against your manly chest. Work the face muscles convulsively. Try to remember you're a strong man, fighting to control the beast in yourself."



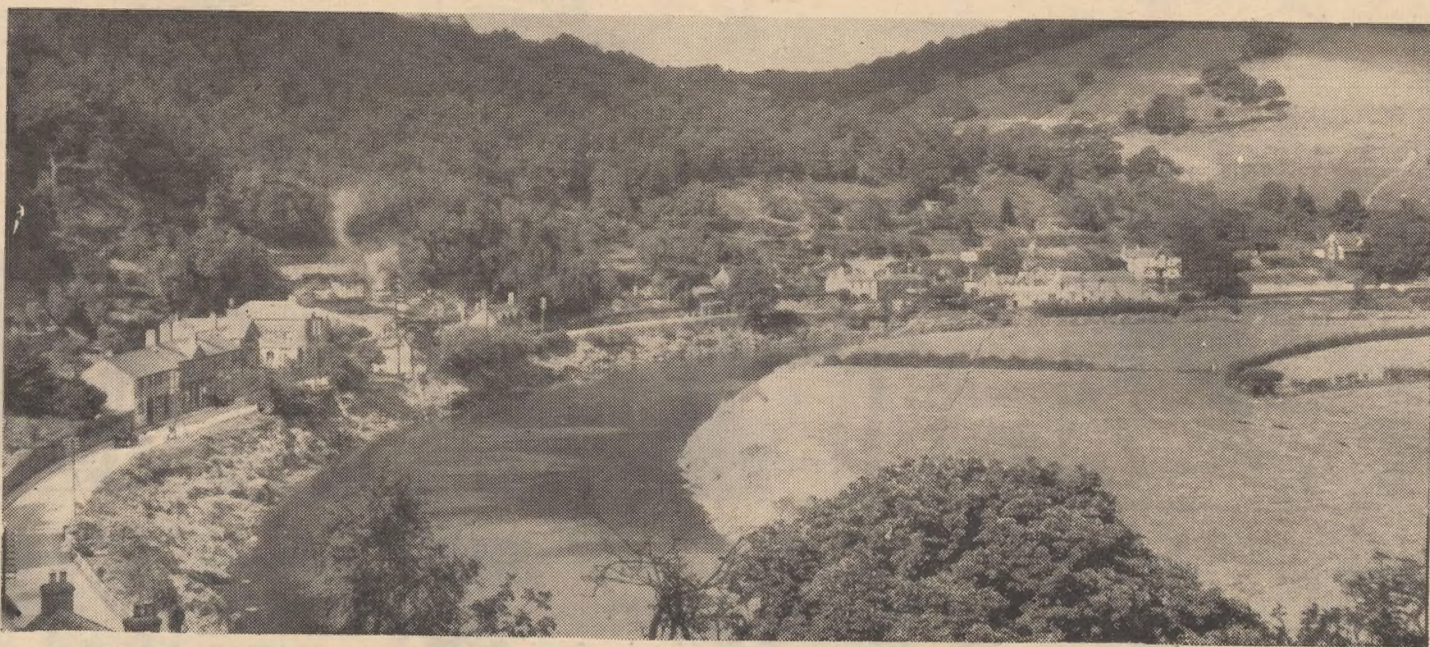
"When you feel she's burning, grasp her by the throat and tilt the head to the required position. CONTACT! Watch her eyelids—if they close, you've hit the spot."



"Breathing fiercely, start groping for her ear. When you find it, don't bite it, but nuzzle it gently. This is sure fire stuff. It just slays them — and incidentally allows you to get your breath back."



King Panto reigns again! These little ladies are wearing out their shoes dancing two shows a day in the "Sleeping Beauty" at Golder's Green. Hear them squeal when the Dame threatens to warm their sit-spots in the school scene, see them dance in spangles in the Fairy Glen! They're hard-working troupers, all.



THIS ENGLAND — or should we say "This Wales," for we can never remember whether Monmouthshire counts as England or Wales. Anyway, if you know this lovely border village of Tintern, you'll agree that it possesses the best of both countries.



"NOW, BRAT!  
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
BAWLING ABOUT?"

"I wanted to have a go  
on your stilts. And now  
you tell me they're not  
stilts at all, but legs. It's  
not fair!"

"OH, WELL  
CAUGHT, SIR!"



"The old brown bear, she ain't what she used to be . . ." But she still sports a bowler like any city slicker.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd take him down  
a peg or two."

